for by this ring the Doctor lay with me.
*Nerrissa.* And pardon me my gentle *Gratiano*,
for that same scrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke,
in liew of this, last night did lie with me.
*Grati.* Why this is like the mending of high wayes
in Sommer, where the wayes are faire enough?
What, are we cuckolds ere we haue deseru'd it.
*Por.* Speake not so grosly, you are all amaz'd;
Heere is a letter, reade it at your leisure,
It comes from Padua from *Bellario*,
there you shall finde that *Portia* was the Doctor,
*Nerrissa* there her Clarke. *Lorenzo* heere
shall witnes I set foorth as soone as you,
and euen but now returnd; *I* haue not yet
entered my house. *Anthonio*, you are welcome,
and I haue better newes in store for you
than you exspect: vnseale this letter soone,
there you shall finde three of your Argosies
are richly come to harbour suddainly.
You shall not know by what strange accident
*I* chaunced on this letter.
*Antho.* *I* am dumb?
*Bass.* Were you the Doctor, and *I* knew you not?
*Gra.* Were you the Clark that is to make me cuckold?
*Ner.* *I*, but the Clarke that neuer meanes to doe it,
vnlesse he liue vntill he be a man.
*Bass.* (Sweet Doctor) you shall be my bedfellow,
when *I* am absent, then lie with my wife.
*An.* (Sweet Lady) you haue giuen me life and lyuing;
for heere *I* reade for certaine that my ships
are safely come to Rode.
*Por.* How now *Lorenzo*?
my Clarke hath some good comforts to for you.
*Ner* *I*, and ile giue them him without a fee,
There doe *I* giue to you and *Iessica*
from the rich *Iewe*, a speciall deede of gift
after his death, of all he dies possest of.

*Loren.*



*Loren.* Faire Ladies, you drop Manna in the way
of starued people.
*Por.* *It* is almost morning,
and yet *I* am sure you are not satisfied
of these euents at full. Let vs go in,
and charge vs there vpon intergotories,
and we will answer all things faithfully.
*Gra.* Let it be so, the first intergotory
that my *Nerrissa* shall be sworne on, is,
whether till the next night she had rather stay,
or goe to bed now, being two houres to day:
But were the day come, *I* should wish it darke,
till *I* were couching with the Doctors Clarke.
Well, while *I* liue, ile feare no other thing
so sore, as keeping safe *Nerrissas* ring.

*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

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